collection of 19th-century clamps, forceps, prepuce-guards and cock-rings....

Nothing like it, to work up an appetite before breakfast....

Eddie never liked kids much, so seeing himself as MORGIE THE BABY-STALKER was the most natural thing in the world....

Those invasive surgical techniques came in handy too....

*****

Romeo returned with stories about the professor whose books they were selling. There'd been something about him.

Johnny said he thought he knew.

It wasn't nice....

Of course not, Johnny wanted to say. How could it be?

Dildo Wingnut! His old advisor. The worst cock-sucker at MONTAGE U.

That was BAD!

*****

A children's aid lawyer pulled up with his latest ho in an enormously powerful SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE.

Nattering about how much he liked some shit Johnny gave him to read. Said he loved the part about homosexuality, so well-researched.

Yeah, Johnny said; he would know.

He wished the lawyer would shut the fuck up and buy something, like a good client. He usually bought old industrial-strength work-tables, metal cabinets, and dysfunctional office chairs.

He especially wanted him to buy the Westinghouse roaster he'd been looking at, with the glass trays in the top part that made him think of embryos and Morgenthaler, the Abortionist...

Johnny wanted to tell him about Dildo and his secret stash, but there was no point snitching on a corpse....

Even if it was ambulatory....

*****

Moll wanted Romeo to trade her a small dining table for a table that she had in her weird apartment in the Thing Street Astoria.

Romeo said he didn't normally do that; he didn't normally do anything, but he had enough tables.

Moll insisted, it was a great table.

Romeo asked, is it old? She didn't realize, he was acting like a customer, a client. It was too hard to call, and he didn't care.

She said it was antique; it had a wooden top.

Romeo guessed it was pressboard. He finally agreed to trade, but at Moll's he